

PUCK BUILDING, New York, June 15th, 1910.

VOL. LXVII. No. 1737.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



Copyright, 1910, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter

THE NATIONAL HIM.



Budweiser—"Everywhere"

In every country—in every clime—North, South, East, West
—on land or sea. Wherever you go, you'll find Budweiser
and always the same in quality, taste and flavor—that's
why its sales exceed all other bottled beers.

Bottled only at the
Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, Mo. U. S. A.



PUCK



Theodore Roosevelt



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
995-999 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1737. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1910.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

A PATRIOT'S OPPORTUNITY. TWELVE years ago THEODORE ROOSEVELT came back from Cuba, and THOMAS C. PLATT, to cinch the New York State election for the Republicans, caused him to be nominated for Governor. He won. This week Colonel ROOSEVELT returns from another adventurous jaunt, and as soon as he lands, friends will begin to

inform him that history is repeating itself, and that to save the National election for the Republicans, *his* nomination for the Presidency is imperative. The fact that Colonel ROOSEVELT has very clearly and positively declared his opposition to such an arrangement will make no difference to his friends. They will continue to "view with alarm" and to urge. Puck, on the other hand, while a friend and an admirer of the ex-President, will neither "view with alarm" the prospect of Republican defeat, nor urge the Colonel to reconsider his decision and become a party CINCINNATUS. The cause of real democracy in this country, once so feeble and so wavering, no longer relies for its progress upon the leadership of any one man. When Mr. ROOSEVELT left the White House, "My Policies" were preëminent. Since then "Our Policies," the aims and convictions of thousands of determined men, have taken deep root in the rank and file of both the old parties, and their spread and their success are not contingent upon the election of THEODORE ROOSEVELT or of any other

gentleman to the Presidency. They have come to stay and, unlike the mere shell of the Republican party organization, they can't be wrecked. No honest citizen whose eyes are open, even if he *has* voted the Republican ticket regularly, is losing any sleep these nights because the G. O. P. machine is shaky in shaft, wheel, and cog. And as for our aggressive ex-President, unless he places partisanship and "party solidarity" upon a higher plane than progress and the National welfare, he might well tell those of his friends who would have him run again, that for the common good the finest thing he, as a patriot, could possibly do would be to stand firmly aside in 1912 and let the G. O. P. get the bump it deserves.



"WELL, I DID MY DUTY."
AS WALL STREET HOPED HE'D
COME BACK.

ference to his friends. They will continue to "view with alarm" and to urge. Puck, on the other hand, while a friend and an admirer of the ex-President, will neither "view with alarm" the prospect of Republican defeat, nor urge the Colonel to reconsider his decision and become a party CINCINNATUS. The cause of real democracy in this country, once so feeble and so wavering, no longer relies for its progress upon the leadership of any one man. When Mr. ROOSEVELT left the White House, "My Policies" were preëminent. Since then "Our Policies," the aims and convictions of thousands of determined men, have taken deep root in the rank and file of both the old parties, and their spread and their success are not contingent upon the election of THEODORE ROOSEVELT or of any other



AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS.

"GENTLEMEN, I MUCH APPRECIATE THIS TOKEN OF YOUR ESTEEM."

PRESIDENT TAFT, recognizing in Socialism the greatest problem that confronts us, pointedly suggests that the Republican Party, because of the skill it has shown in handling great issues, should be retained by acclamation to handle this one. It is a beautiful notion; especially when we recall that the Republican doctrines of Privilege

and Private Monopoly are largely responsible for Socialism's growth.



IF HE WERE REALLY A PRIVATE CITIZEN.



THE COME-BACK.

THE old grin still is on his face
The big stick still is in his hand,
He goes the same tremendous pace.

Among his welcomers we trace
No sign of those that he has "panned,"
The old grin still is on his face.

He comes ebullient from the chase,
A tremor shakes the sleepy land,
He goes the same tremendous pace.

His ancient foes must flee the place,
All nature-fakers now are canned,
The old grin still is on his face.

We've welcomed kings, but he's the ace,
The people murmur: "Ain't he grand!"
He goes the same tremendous pace.

Beware, ye malefactors base!
Beware, ye Ananias band!
The same old grin is on his face,
He goes the same tremendous pace!

Mark Kronen.

MAKING HISTORY.

"CÆSAR had his Brutus! Charles the First his Cromwell! And Theodore Roosevelt——"

"Treason! Treason!" shouted the Tennis Cabinet.

"—— has a way of busting all traditions wide open. If this be treason, make the most of it!"



IN THE ULTRA SET.

SOCIETY MAN.—What about that fellow Rosenfelt or Roosevelt, or something or other? Used to be President and all that sort of thing. Seems to have met a lot of awfully decent people abroad.

SOCIETY MATRON.—Yes, so I hear. Suppose I shall have to ask him to something now that he is back.

PLAUSIBLE.

CRAWFORD.—Do you take any stock in the rumor that Taft won't run again?

CRABSHAW.—It might be true. He travels about so much it looks as if he didn't care for the White House.

Some men are born great; some achieve greatness, and some are shelved in the Vice-Presidency.



Order of March, as Arranged by Reception Committee.

SQUAD OF MOUNTED POLICE WITH BIG NIGHTSTICKS,
"Hitting the Line Hard."

THE ROUGH RIDERS
With Brown Sombreros, Blue Shirts, and Red Suspenders.

THE OUTLOOK BRASS BAND
LYMAN ABBOTT, DRUM MAJOR,
Assisted by the Oyster Bay Fife and Bugle Corps.

THE GRAND MARSHAL:
Chancellor Day of Syracuse on his Bucking Bronco "MY POLICIES."

THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ORDER OF NATURE FAKIRS,
JACK LONDON, COMMANDING, Mounted on Prancing Unicorns.

WALL-STREET CORNET BAND
Playing "We Don't Care if He Never Comes Back."

DELEGATION OF AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF DELIBERATE AND UNQUALIFIED
FALSIFIERS,
Bearing an Address of Welcome Signed by One Million Liars of America.

DECORATED FLORAL FLOAT: "DEAR MARIA."

WEAKLINGS IN TAXICABS.

MOLLYCODDLES ON FOOT, SCATTERING VIOLET SACHET POWDER.

THE STAND-PAT BAND OF WASHINGTON, D. C.
JOE CANNON, CONDUCTOR,
Playing "I Wonder Who's Catching It Now?"

THE REPUBLICAN ELEPHANT ON PADDED CRUTCHES.

THE BIG STICK
In Armored Go-cart Pushed by Jake Riis.

BALL-AND-CHAIN CHAPTER, MALEFACTORS OF GREAT WEALTH,
In Hollow Square of Detectives

THE TENNIS CABINET, JIM GARFIELD, LEADER,
Singing "Forty-Love Me and the World is Mine!"

"PRACTICAL MEN" IN CARRIAGES.

Allegorical Float:
THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

"TRIPLETS WITH RATTLES.
MOTHERS OF TRIPLETS.
SONS OF TRIPLETS.

The Railroad Compound Cylinder, Triple-Expansion Steam Calliope
Shrieking "How Can We Bear To See Thee?" with Variations.

UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS, PICKPOCKETS, TRUCKS, ETC.

ROOSEVELT BROMIDIOMS.

YES, I think we all like him because he's so extremely human.
Nobody is indifferent to Roosevelt. You either like him or
froth at the mouth when his name is mentioned.
Well, he *did* make the papers a lot livelier, no doubt about that.



SONG BY THE QUARTET:

"Home again! Home again, from a foreign shore,
And oh, it fills your soul with joy to see your friends once more!"

You know he's an aristocrat by birth, and yet he was one of the most democratic of Presidents.
It surely seems as if he were a man of destiny. When everybody else was sick, he felt bully.

I know that he talks platitudes, but he has a way of making them into effective political gospel.

It isn't what he has *done*, but what he represents that makes him great.

I don't see how any human being can do so much work.

MAXIMS.

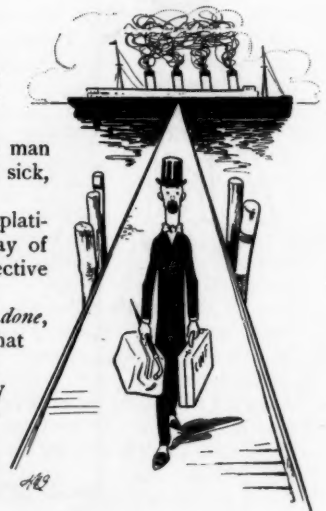
MY policy is the best policy.

Budge not that ye be not budged. He

Tafts best who Tafts last. A certain one with God is a majority. When honest men fall out, somebody's a liar. Fools rush in where wild animals love to tread. The hand that wields the big stick rules the world. I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way back. Lest ye have a little child, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

All the world's a jungle, and all the men and women in it simply wild animals.

Ellis O. Jones.

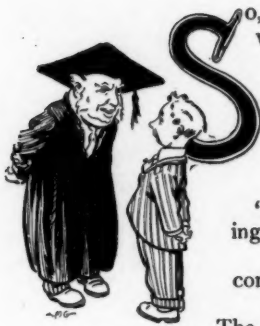


THE DIFFERENCE.

WHEN FAIRBANKS GOT BACK.

PUCK

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.



"O, sir," said the Chancellor of the Great University, his eyes snapping like nutcrackers, "So, sir, you chose to disregard our express ruling and go to New York. And why did you wish to disturb the good order of the school by going to New York? Speak up, Archibald."

"Please, sir," quavered the Freshman, "I wanted to go there to meet some one coming from abroad."

"Ah, indeed! And who was this some one coming from abroad, Archibald?"

"Please, sir, it was President Roosevelt."

The Chancellor's brows beetled all over till they looked like an entomological collection.

"President Roosevelt? And who is President Roosevelt?"

"Please, sir, I guess I meant Colonel Roosevelt."

"Ah, Colonel Roosevelt. And to which branch of the service is your friend Colonel Roosevelt attached?"

"If you please, Chancellor Day, I—I guess he's just plain Mister Roosevelt."

"I don't know, sir; but everybody else was there to see him."
"John D. Rockefeller, I presume, was waving flags from the water-front?"

"N-no, sir."

"But Mr. Archibald was there—no doubt waiting with a large floral piece?"

"I—I didn't see him, sir."

"And former Senator Foraker—did he lead the cheers?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"Well, well, my boy, who on earth was there?"

"Please, sir, the Rough Riders."

"And what are Rough Riders?"

"Cowboys, sir."

"And what are cowboys?"

"They're a kind of hired man, sir."

"I see. So you and a gang of hired men went down to a New York dock to welcome a short, stout person with glasses named Mister Roosevelt. That was it, was n't it?"

"Y-yes, sir. But please, sir, is n't anybody who works for anybody else a hired man?"

"Tut! tut! Archibald! Do not talk back to me, sir! Remember there is no disgrace attached to a Hired Man if he spells it with



SHOULD HE VISIT A NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

"Ah! ah! ah! Now we are getting down to the real facts. So, Archibald, you ran away from your professors at Syracuse to welcome a Mister Roosevelt from abroad. I suppose you had quite a chat with him?"

"No, sir; please, sir."

"And why not?"

"Because I don't know him."

"You don't know him! Then why did you make this long trip to meet him?"

"Please, sir, I just wanted to look at him."

"So you went to New York to look at a Mister Roosevelt who was returning from abroad. A fine sight, I trust: tall, handsome, and kindly, was he not? Do not be afraid, Archibald, I am not going to strike you. Was he not a fine sight?"

"Not exactly, please, sir; because he was short, and fat, and wore glasses."

"Dear me! You travel several hundred miles to look at a gentleman named Mister Roosevelt, and you find him short and fat and spectacled. What was the attraction, Archibald?"

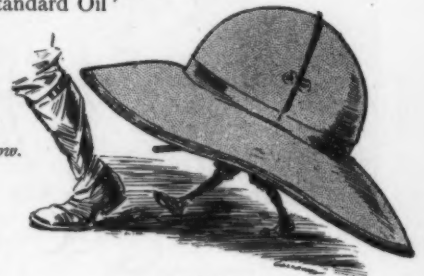
capital letters. Capital letters are the foundations of society: standard oil is being replaced by electricity, but Standard Oil runs on for ever. Handsome is that handsome does, and many a Hired Man, working for the right people, has done handsomely. Not another word, Archibald. For your punishment you may copy Ida Tarbell's 'History of the Standard Oil' twice—backward."

And smiling benignly the Chancellor turned to meditate before the kindly features of the Patron Saint of Higher Education in America.

Horatio Winslow.

NO!

BREATHES there the man, with soul
so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"Will he come back the same old Ted?"



KERMIT.
THAT'S ALL.

It looks as if somebody would have a lot of back premiums to pay on "My Policies."



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.
AS THE ROUGH RIDERS WOULD ARRANGE IT.

PUCK



THE INTELLIGENT CLERK.

CUSTOMER (in bookshop).—Have you "Who's Who in America"?

ONE EXCEPTION.

"THERE is nothing sure but death and taxes."
"There isn't, eh? Well, how about the next President being either Roosevelt or a Democrat?"

RECESSIONAL.

NOW, glory to the Lord of Hosts!
From whom all blessings are!
And glory to the next best bet,
T. R.!

GLADHANDICRAFT.

OBJECT of the National Welcome Organization: To greet and enthuse over notables, foreign or of home product, arriving upon the American shores.

Why such an organization?

ANS.—To relieve the congestion on committees of welcome as now

constituted—to give permanent jobs to good handshakers and persons with "presence."

QUES.—How shall the society be constituted? ANS.—As follows:

One grand-sovereign handshaker.
Two vice-sovereign handshakers.

Seventeen imperial wearers of plug hats, to be known as the "reception committee."

One resident mayor, who shall be relieved of other duties.

One royal keeper of the city's keys.

One worshipful deliverer of the address of welcome.

Two purple toastmasters, who shall alternate in their duties.

Fifty efficient and highly-cultivated banqueters.

Several young lady gushers.

Such organization to be permanent and self-perpetuating, and to be composed only of the hardest people in the community.

THE WELCOME.

GEE! All this fuss sounds good to us,
We join whole-hearted in the riot,
For, lacking you, we've maundered through
A year of most depressing quiet.
It's true that now and then a row
Has quite upset our balance steady,
Yet scarce a thrill we get from Bill,—
We love our Taft, but Oh you Teddy!

Insurgent fights, and woman's rights,
Trust-busting missions you began on,
Much noise and grief about our beef,

The turning of the guns on Cannon;
These help to keep some folks from sleep,
But still the drink is not so heady
As was the draft with you we quaffed,—
We love our Bill, but Oh you Teddy!

Hip! Hip! Hurroar! And then some more!
The octopi and such may flee you,
But we—oh well, we yell and yell:
Yip! Yip! Hurree! We're glad to see you!
From Sandy Hook to Tillamook
You'll find your welcome rough and ready;
From vale and peak the whistles shriek:
"We love our Bill, but Oh you Teddy!"

Berton Braley.

WHEN THEODORE PASSES BY.

ROOSEVELT lands at the Battery. The market shows a slight downward tendency.

Roosevelt crosses Battery Park. The market shows a decided downward tendency.

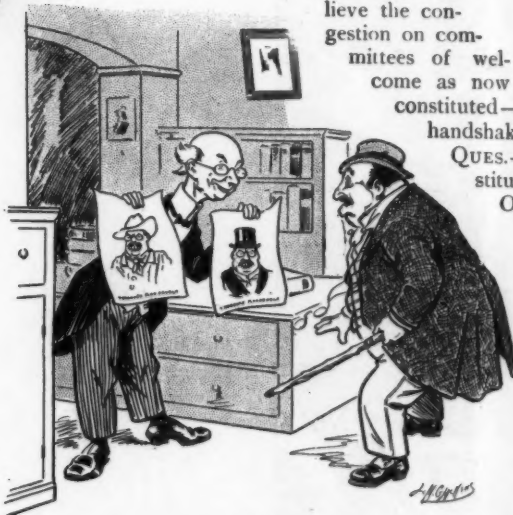
Roosevelt reaches Bowling Green. Market breaks badly.
Roosevelt reaches Exchange Place. Semi-panic—stocks hit the toboggan.

Roosevelt reaches the head of Wall Street. The market is in a panic; Stock Exchange in an uproar.

Roosevelt reaches Maiden Lane. Morgan has checked panic. No failures reported.

Roosevelt passes Fulton Street. Market gradually recovering.
Roosevelt reaches Park Row. The market shows a slight upward tendency.

Roosevelt is still moving; has reached the City Hall. Stocks go up three points.



II.

CLERK.—Yes sir. How 'll you have him?
In Rough Rider rig or the conventional black?



ANYBODY HERE SEEN TEDDY?

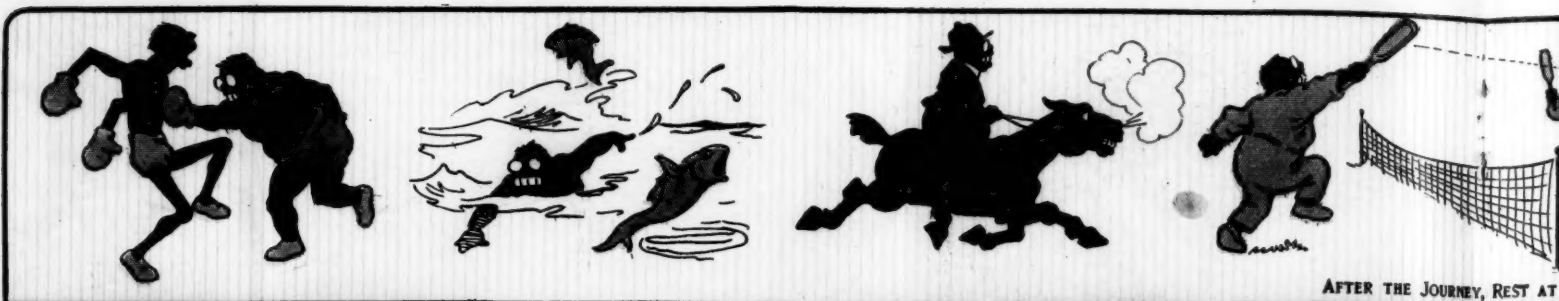


A MERE MOLLYCODDLE.

THE WOLF.—What's the matter, old man? Why this sadness?

THE MOOSE.—Oh, when Roosevelt came back from the Spanish War he said he felt like a bull-moose, and I know I can't begin to express his feelings now!

It might be revised to read: Don't flinch! Don't foul! Hit the Reactionary line hard!



AFTER THE JOURNEY, REST AT



He sends from the steamer a wireless message to the Reactionaries.



Why not replace the worn-out inscriptions on the Central Park obelisk with something live and snappy?



"ALAS, POOR YORICK!"



THE MAGNET FOR REPUBLICAN POLITICIANS.



THE JOURNEY, REST AT SAGAMORE HILL.



WALL STREET'S WELCOME.
WASHINGTON.—Gentlemen, hush! Such language! You shock me!



THE FAMILY DINNER-TABLE.
A little arrangement until he can get used again to ordinary society.



SLEEPING BEAUTY.

ONLY THE PRINCE CAN WAKE HER FROM HER TRANCE.

SAVING THE STATE.

A POLITICAL COMEDY.

SCENE: Op'ry House in Anyville, Kansas. *Time:* To-night.
Dramatis Personæ: The Hon. Roger Cabot Windiddy, a silver-tongued Defender of the Faith and the Orator of the Occasion; Mayor of the Municipality; Pessimistic Auditor; Optimistic Auditor; Tillers and Toilers; Plain Citizens and others.
The Orator of the Occasion occupies a prominent position on the platform and in his own esteem. The Mayor of the Municipality advances to the footlights.

MAYOR (deprecatingly): Fellow citizens! I—er—come before you to-night, more in—er—sorrow than in anger, to state that the distinguished gentleman who was expected to be with us upon this occasion, the famous forked—I mean silver-tongued orator, who has been sent out from the East to show us the error of our political ways, to explain to us the joys of lolling in the shade of a high protective Tariff lulled to sleep by the flapping of the Grand Old Flag, to point out to us how much larger and more important Rhode Island is than Kansas, to read us out of the Party if we do not agree with the Administration, and—er—ah!—it is my duty to inform you that the gentleman who was expected to address us will now do so.

[Silence, during which the Orator of



WHEN ROOSEVELT TAKES HOLD.

THE "OUTLOOK'S" NEW EDITOR (to the new office-boy).—Here, Lyman! Take this copy!

the Occasion rises and advances confidently to the front.]

ORATOR (impressively): Fur-rends and Fellow Pat-ri-ots! What has William H. Tahft accomplished since he was inaugurated President of this Pur-round Imperial land? (*More impressively*)—I repeat it, Fellow Patriots, what has he achieved? (*Most impressively*)—Again I ask you, what has Tahft done?

PESSIMISTIC AUDITOR: To help the joke along, if nobody else will bite, I will. What has he done?

ORATOR (diplomatically): Ah, my friends! That is the question! But before answering it let me point out briefly that it is a condition and not a theo—

THE AUDIENCE (wildly, thunderously, joyously): Hurrah! Whoop! Whoopity-whoop! Yee-whoop! (*prolonged for ten minutes.*)

ORATOR (continuing): It is not a theory that confronts us.

PESSIMISTIC AUDITOR: Huh! Thought he was going to say "Theodore"!

ORATOR: As has been sagely said, a rose—

THE AUDIENCE (frenziedly, frantically, terrifically): Hurrah! Whoop! Whoop! Whoopity-whoop! (*continues unabatedly for fifteen minutes.*)

ORATOR (resuming): A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

PESSIMISTIC AUDITOR: Huh! Thought he was going to say "Roosevelt"!

[For three-quarters of an hour longer the Orator toils on and on in an honest endeavor to earn his stipend and butt his brains out against a solid wall of unalterable opinion. Mention of the name of Tahft is greeted with dead silence; a repetition of the same is accorded deader silence; a reiteration wins deader silence.]

ORATOR (groggy, but still game): In the immortal language of our greatest President, he who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen —"

THE AUDIENCE (in one mighty voice): Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Whoop! Hurrah! Banzai! Tiger! Yip! Yap! Yop! Hurrah for Our Teddy! (*continuing until utterly exhausted.*)

GOOD BUSINESS.

ORATOR (feebly): If there is any person present who desires to ask a question —

PESSIMISTIC AUDITOR (rising): Has there, so far as you know, ever been any method discovered for restoring hair on bald heads where the follicles have been totally destroyed?

[Collapse of the orator.]

OPTIMISTIC AUDITOR (on the way home): After all, John, that fellow had his good points as a speaker.

PESSIMISTIC AUDITOR: Eh-yah! One sure thing, his Vandyke beard was nicely trimmed.

CURTAIN.

Tom P. Morgan.

THAT'S WHAT

THEY ALL SAY.



Pro.

Europe never missed an opportunity to honor him—spontaneously, magnificently, deservedly.

It is apparent that his Big Stick is as effective as ever. And this country undoubtedly needs it.

Some Presidents have compromised and trimmed; been soft-spoken and ultra-judicial. T. R. has always been his own man.

Am I glad he is coming home? Me? Am I? Ha-ha! De-light-ed!!

Oh, we will have some downward revision now, I guess! Some real downward revision, eh?

Something of a scramble to stand from under in Washington. Know why, don't you? This "Return-from-Elba" business!

Most popular man in the country. Everybody for him. He is for a square deal all around.

He's a true democrat.

Con.

He took precious good care that no newspaper man overlooked him. He is the world's most accomplished advertiser.

The eminent surgeon will likely decide that the country needs another operation. It will be a beautiful success, but the patient will die.

His aggressive disposition to find men guilty and then try them—perhaps—is as rampant as ever, evidently.

Of course the Rough Riders and the rabble are happy that he is returning.

He never had a tariff idea in his life. But he will get some—of a kind—of course, when he learns it is popular.

Disgust and distrust are driving our best and brightest men into private life. Statesmanship is on the wane.

The demagogues already are looking to him for their cue—indeed, some of them are actually anticipating it.

He's a dictator and a tyrant.

Both:

SAME OLD ROOSEVELT!

J. B. Nevin.

POLICIES, MY POLICIES.



WHEN I was out on Afric's shore,
Policies, My Policies!
My enemies belabored sore
Policies, My Policies!
But now that I am back once more
They gain the vim they had of yore,
They wear the laurels once they wore—
Policies, My Policies!

They will not cower in the dust,
Policies, My Policies!
They will not yield to any Trust,
Policies, My Policies!
And he who seeks their hold to bust
Will get the Big Stick on his crust
Until he sees that they are just—
Policies, My Policies!

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW.

TO-DAY I succeeded in getting the original, exclusive, and only guaranteed interview with Mr. Roosevelt. He received me in his den, which is lined with elephant hide and filled with ivory furniture. As he talked the great hunter fondled a tame dik-dik.

"You are undoubtedly the greatest correspondent of the greatest existing paper," he said cordially, "and I have therefore waited for your advent before allowing myself to be quoted."

"Thank you," I replied. "Your remark is quite true, and proves anew your marvelous fund of information. But let us come to business. What do you think about the Tariff?"

"Ah, I'm glad you mentioned that! I want to say that every man should get a square deal, that he who runs may read, that life is just one thing after another, and that people who live in glass houses should never throw stones."

"Now about those Insurgent fellows in Congress?"

"Yes, yes; the public wants my views on that, I'm sure. You may quote me as saying that it is the duty of every man to work, that loafers are undesirable citizens, and that pickpockets should get what they deserve, no more and no less, because more would be injustice and less would be infamy." The Colonel made this statement in his usual vigorous and decided manner, evidently having thought much over the matter before he made his conclusions public.

"What have you to say," I half whispered, "regarding the administration of President Taft?"

It was with some trepidation that this question was asked, but the Colonel was not angry. Instead he slapped me on the back and almost shouted:

"My dear fellow, that is THE question I have most desired to answer. Without fear or favor I will say flatly that honesty is the best policy, whether it be for the rich or the poor. I will add that race-suicide is a sin, and that malefactors of great wealth should suffer for their wrong-doing. The law should be the same for rich and poor, small or great, and he who says otherwise is a deliberate and unqualified falsifier and might be called a shorter and uglier name."

The interview was concluded, and I rose to go.

"Have n't you some final message for the American people?" I asked.

"Tell them," responded the Colonel, "to be good and they will be happy."

PREFERENCE.

"Do you belong to the Back-from-Elba Club?"

"No; to the Go-to-St.-Helena Club."



RESERVED FOR JAKE RIIS.

Some where in this broad land of ours, possibly obscure and unknown, dwells the next member of the Ananias Club.



BROMO-SELTZER

CURES
HEADACHES

10¢, 25¢, 50¢ & \$1.00 Bottles.

WITH THE EX-PRESIDENT.

"What is the latest tune in Berlin?"

"Die Wacht am Rhinoceros."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

FAMILY FACTS.

It was Flossie's first day at school. Her name had been registered, and the teacher asked her: "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes ma'am," answered Flossie.

"Are you the oldest one of the family?"

"Oh no, ma'am," returned Flossie. "Pa and ma's both older 'n me."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

THOUGH T. R. pleads for war to cease

With all its roar and rattle

He seems to say, "I love you, peace,

But oh, you fine sham battle!"

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

WENT TOO FAR.

YEAST.—Do you think there is a penalty for lying?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Sure! I knew a fellow who dislocated his shoulder while stretching out his hands to show the size fish he claimed he had caught! —*Yonkers Statesman.*

"DARLING," he breathed rapturously, "I swear by this great tree, whose spreading branches bear witness to my sincerity—I swear that I have never loved before!"

The girl smiled faintly and observed:

"You always say such appropriate things, George. This is a chestnut-tree."—*Everybody's.*

COLONEL ROOSEVELT, it is announced, has more than eight thousand vertebræ for the Smithsonian Institution. What a pity they are not for Congress!

—*Pittsburg Post.*



PARIS GARTERS



A Necessity with
Knee Drawers

They fit so well you
forget they're there

25¢, 50¢ and \$1.00 at
your dealers, or sample
pair from the makers.

A STEIN & CO.

503 Center Ave Chicago.

NO METAL
can touch you



A DISCOURSE BY ROOSEVELT.

"Educated people know more than the ignorant — Peace is less cruel than war — Childless households are one of the causes of depopulation —" etc., etc —*Le Rive.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your
getting the very best.

THOSE HURRIED NEW YORKERS.

The fussy New Yorker presented himself to St. Peter.

"I'm a little pressed for time, my good friend," he said. "Here's my card. Kindly look up my credentials."

"You seem in a great hurry," remarked the saint.

"I am in a great hurry!" cried the New Yorker. "I've got a taxicab waiting for me just around the corner."—*Plain Dealer.*

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

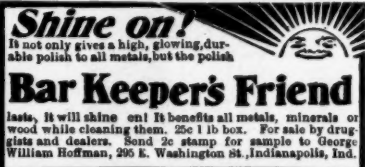
The antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, for tired, aching feet. Makes walking easy. Always use it for breaking in new shoes. "In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease." Sold everywhere, etc. Do not accept a substitute.

This signature

Allen & Olmsted

on every box.

Learn for yourself why over 30,000 people have written praises of Allen's FOOT-EASE. For FREE Trial Package, address ALLEN & OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Puck Proofs

Photogravures from PUCK

Copyright 1910 by Keppler & Schwaner.



"I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING MASTER?"

By Mark Fenderson.

Photogravure in Sepia, 8 x 11 in.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

This is but one example of PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over 70 Miniature Reproductions : : : : :

Address PUCK

295-309 Lafayette St. New York

Trade Supplied by Gulelman Publishing Co., 17-19 Mechanic Street, Newark, N. J.

MAUPASSANT

Only \$3.60; 8 Vols.

Size 4 1/2 x 7 inches. Illustrated

226 COMPLETE STORIES and

PEARSON'S ONE YEAR

THE BEST BOOK VALUE
EVER OFFERED

You may send simply \$1.00, as good faith, and we will ship, EXPRESS PREPAID, with special privilege of examination, \$2.60 collect. If not satisfied, your \$1.00 refunded and no questions asked. Foreign orders 50 cents extra.

FRENCH authors have written many lively tales which, because of false conventional modesty, have been, until recent translations, unknown to those who read only English. Prudish modesty and unfair prejudice have deprived us of the merriest and liveliest tales ever written. Maupassant was the one man in France who could write truly the realistic scenes of REAL PARISIAN LIFE so fascinatingly as to rivet your attention.

THE REAL DOINGS OF LIFE is what Guy de Maupassant always gives us. His dramatic instinct, his situations and his climaxes are overwhelming. He always fixes upon the one thing of most human soul interest and makes it as vivid as any stage scene. These absorbing stories should be in every library—tales of travel, mystery, adventure, comedy, pathos and tragedy, love and realism.

EIGHT BEAUTIFUL VOLUMES of the Most Fascinating Reading in the World. Contains over 2,500 pages, more than 800 pages to the volume, printed from new 10-point type, on pure white paper. Pages are wide, illustrated, bound in de luxe art cloth, backs and sides stamped with an ornamental design.

Advertising Edition. Write at once.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, 419 E. 24th St., N. Y. City



Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON
Cigarettes

Yesterday, today and always, anywhere, everywhere the proper thing to smoke.

CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten

AMBASSADOR 35c
the after-dinner size
In Cork and Plain Tips

"The Little Brown Box"

Factories: Cairo, London, New York, and Montreal.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleeker Street, NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 26 Hookman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

The
Star
Of First
Magnitude

20th Century Limited

Lv. New York - 3:30 p. m.
Lv. Boston - 1:00 p. m.
Ar. Chicago - 8:30 a. m.

Lv. Chicago - 2:30 p. m.
Ar. New York - 9:30 a. m.
Ar. Boston - 11:50 a. m.

"It saves a business day."

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Sleeping-Car Accommodations
Railroad and Pullman tickets can be secured at City Ticket Office, 298 Washington St., Phone 2140, Fort Hill; 1216 Broadway, New York, Phone 6310 Madison and 180 Clark St., Chicago, Phone 1661 Harrison.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Always The Same Good Old

BLATZ
MILWAUKEE

For
Home, Buffet
and Club

Expert
Selection
of the World's
Best Hops —
Choicest Malt
— Brewed and
Matured

The BLATZ WAY

THE FINEST BEER
EVER BREWED

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet
INSIST ON "BLATZ"

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED DIRECT



A SUGGESTED PRECAUTION.
IN VIEW OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO LONDON.—Punch.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

EXTRACT from a young lady's letter from Venice:
"Last night I lay in a gondola in the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."—Lippincott's.

THE Keeley Cure

for Liquor and
Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been
skillfully and successfully administered by
medical specialists for the past 30 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Denver, Col.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Atlanta, Ga.

Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Kansas City, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
2801 Locust St.
Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.

White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, Ohio.
Portland, Oregon.
Philadelphia, Pa.
812 N. Broad St.

Pittsburg, Pa.
4216 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
London, England.

Laugh and Grow Fat !

Take PUCK and Laugh !!

ONE OF THE
FINEST

Ways to invest Five Dollars
Is to Subscribe for

Puck



THE FOREMOST
HUMOROUS WEEKLY OF AMERICA

As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK,
ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

Puck
NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send
me a liberal package of sample copies
of PUCK.

Name.....
Address.....



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.
The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.
The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.
If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.

If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.

THE SURBRUG CO., 81 Dey St., New York

The Leader

whom the
people honor

I.W. Harper

America's
Finest
Whiskey

On Every Tongue

Liqueur Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—



The Exquisite Cordial of the Centuries

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

"BILLY, DEAR," said his young wife, coaxingly, "tell me the password of your lodge."

"But I pledged myself never to disclose that, Bella."

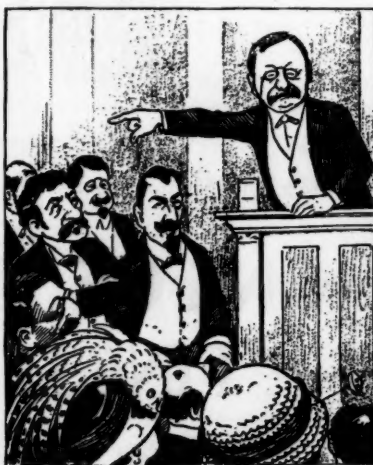
"You're not disclosing it when you tell it to me. You know we have no secrets from each other."

"If I tell you what it is will you promise sacredly never to repeat it to a living soul?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Well, here it is: Chattybiddybeechittybiddyhiparaparagoolagaritherow-kaspecklybexlibim."

True to her word, she never repeated it to anybody.—*Chicago Tribune.*



EXPERT ADVICE.

T. R. (in Paris).—Not to have children is a crime.

T. R. (in Berlin).—To have too many children is vulgar.
—*Ulk.*

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

HE ANSWERED RIGHT.

"So," said Tommy's father, "you took dinner at Willie Stout's house today. I hope when it came to extra helpings you had manners enough to say 'No.'"

"Yes sir," replied Tommy. "I said 'No' several times."

"Ah! you did?"

"Yes sir. Mrs. Stout kept askin' me if I had enough."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THOSE COCKED HATS.

DILLY.—My salary is knocked into a cocked hat this week.

DALLY.—Why?

DILLY.—My wife's chantecler will take it all.—*Town Topics.*

Hunyadi János

Natural Laxative Water

Quickly Relieves:
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Stomach Disorders,
and

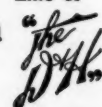
CONSTIPATION

AT ALL DRUGGISTS



Plan the Best Vacation NOW

Along the
Line of



Visit the historic Adirondack, Lake Champlain and Lake George districts this summer. Superb boating and bathing; fishing to your heart's content; good roads for motoring and driving and wonderful mountain, forest and lake scenery.

There are a hundred resorts to choose from, some quiet and secluded, away from the crowd, where good clothes never matter. Others, where you can be as socially gay as you wish amidst congenial company. Choice accommodations to suit all purses.

Pullman cars (by the most comfortable and convenient D. & H. route to all points in the district. Through trains to Montreal and Canadian resorts.

THE DELAWARE & HUDSON.
A. A. HEARD, G. P. A., Albany, N. Y.

∴ PUCK PROOFS ∴

Photogravures From PUCK

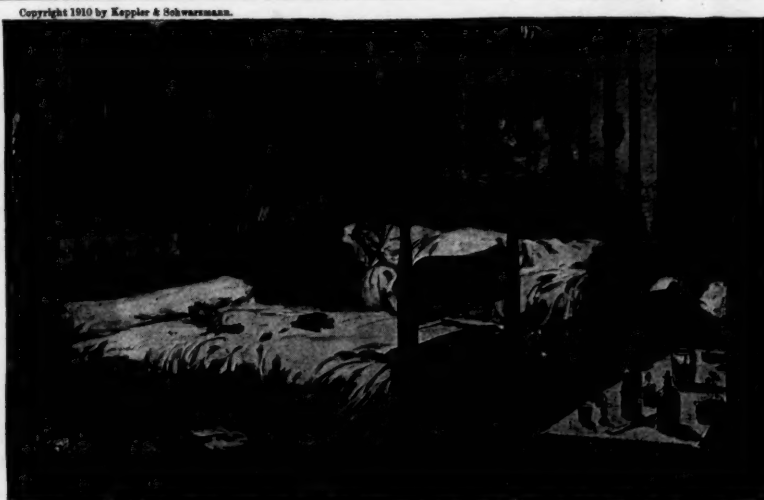
This is but one example of the
PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten
Cents for Catalogue with over
70 Miniature Reproductions

Address

PUCK

295-309 Lafayette St.
New York

The Trade Supplied by
Gobelman Publishing Company
27-29 Mechanic St., Newark, N. J.



TIME, THREE A.M. — ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

By Angus MacDonall.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

PEOPLE TELL EACH OTHER ABOUT GOOD THINGS.

Sixteen years ago few people in the world knew of such a preparation as a Powder for the Feet. To-day after the genuine merit of Allen's Foot-Ease has been told year after year by one gratified person to another, there are millions who would as soon go without a dentifrice as without Allen's Foot-Ease. It is a cleanly, wholesome, healing, antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, which has given rest and comfort to tired and aching feet in all parts of the world. It cures while you walk. Over 30,000 testimonials of cures of smarting, swollen, perspiring feet. It prevents friction and wear of the stockings and will save in your stocking bill ten times its cost each year. Imitations pay the dealer a larger profit, otherwise you would never be offered a substitute when you ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, the original powder for the feet. Imitations are not advertised because they are not permanent. For every genuine article there are many imitations. The imitator has no reputation to sustain—the advertiser has. It stands to reason that the advertised article is the best, otherwise the public would not buy it and the advertising could not be continued. When you ask for an article advertised in this paper, see that you get it. Refuse imitations.

Remember to put a supply of Evans' Ale

in the hamper
when on pleasure bent

Doubles the pleasure of all out-
ing occasions—camping, tramping,
sailing, fishing, golfing,
motoring, or loafing.

Leading Dealers Everywhere.
C. H. Evans & Sons, Hudson, N. Y.



NOT FOR PUBLICATION.

"Who was that at the door just
now, Dick?" asked the young wife.

"A bill-collector, dear," was the
husband's reply.

"And what did you say to him,
Dick?" continued the wife.

"Remember, Richard, there are
ladies present!" broke in the mother-
in-law.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A DIRGE.

She laid the still white form beside
those which had gone before; no sob,
no sigh forced its way from her heart,
throbbing as though it would burst.
Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of
the place—one single heart-breaking
shriek; then silence; then another cry;
more silence; then all silent but for a
guttural murmur, which seemed to well
up from her very soul. She left the
place. She would lay another egg to-
morrow.—*Princeton Tiger*.

DON'T GET AN IDEA

Because you neither draw nor write
for a living, that you have n't any-
thing in your head that PUCK would
like to buy.

It requires skill and a lot of prac-
tice to put together good verse
or prose, or even a good dialogue
joke, but technical skill amounts to
little in a contribution to PUCK if the
sense of humor be lacking. And the
sense of humor is by no means mon-
opolized in this world by those who
write or draw for their daily bread.

Back of every picture in PUCK is
an idea—it is our aim to have
them good and worth illustrating—and
a number of these ideas, in the course
of a year, come from people who are
neither writers nor artists by profes-
sion. They are simply American cit-



THE TROMBONE SAW.

PRACTICE AND WORK IN THE MUSICIAN'S HOUSEHOLD.—*Die Lustige Woche*.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT
WATCHES LOFTIS SYSTEM

LET US SEND YOU A BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND RING ON APPROVAL

Write for Catalog containing over 1500 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches and Artistic Jewelry. Select any article you would like to own or present as a gift to a loved one. It will be sent on approval—all charges prepaid. If satisfactory in every way, pay one-fifth down and keep it, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. Any honest person may open a charge account with us. Write for free copy of the LOFTIS MAGAZINE.

LOFTIS THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE
2822 & 2824 Dept. F50, 28 & 28 State St., Chicago, Ill.—Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo. | Write today.

izens with a well-developed sense of
humor. If you belong to this class,
be one of PUCK's contributors. If an
idea hits you that you think would
make a funny picture or a timely car-
toon, mail it this way, and if we like it
we will pay for it. One of PUCK's
artists will do the rest.

Here is a sample of what we mean:
It struck one of PUCK's friends,
while attending a vaudeville show on
Amateur Night, that there could be no
better application of the term "*Amateur
Night*" than a picture of a painfully
awkward and bashful young man call-
ing on a sophisticated and exceedingly
self-possessed young lady. He put the
idea in writing, and the result was this:



AMATEUR NIGHT.

PUCK does not depend upon
outside contributors for its
weekly contents, but it welcomes
them nevertheless.

The next time anyone says to
you: "You ought to send that
to PUCK," YOU SEND IT.

THE AUCTIONEER.

Who is the man Standing in the
Door?

The man is an Auctioneer.

What is an Auctioneer?

An Auctioneer is a man who Sells
you Something you don't Want cheaper
than you could Get it somewhere else
for Nothing.

What is the Auctioneer saying?

The Auctioneer is saying: "Come-
ingents and don't stand in the doorway-
and block it up how much am I offered
for this imported vase it cost one hundred-
dollars I say ONE HUNDRED DOL-
LARS gimme a dollar going going gone
at fifty cents you fellows make me SICK!"

Doesn't the Auctioneer speak Eng-
lish?

Yes, the Auctioneer speaks Auction-
English. It is a Language you can't
Understand until you have been Stung.

How can the Auctioneer Live and
Lose so Much Money?

The Auctioneer Lives because other
People Lose so much Money.

(P.S.—As a talking Mechanical
device the Auctioneer has the Pho-
nograph beaten to a Spring Rug.)—
Rochester Evening Times.

PLENTY OF TIME.

FLANIGAN.—Phot would yez do if
yez lived to be two hundred years old?

LANIGAN.—Oi don't know yit.—
Brooklyn Life.

LIVES of great men all remind us
We may do great stunts as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Anecdotes we did n't tell.

—*Washington Star*.

BUNNER'S Short Stories



H. C. Bunner

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and
conditions of readers.
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty
laugh even from those unused to
smile.—*N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

Made in France

Though the creations are De
Maupassant's the style is Bun-
ner's, and we are well acquainted
with that quaint humor and origi-
nality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious
absurdities, perhaps, but never
roar because they are "awfully
funny."—*Boston Times*.

The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present vol-
ume writes in his most happy
mood.—*Boston Times*.

Five Volumes, in Cloth, - \$5.00

or separately:

Per Volume, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers,
or by mail from the
Publishers on receipt
of price.

Address:

PUCK, New York.

PUCK



THE PUCK PRESS

IF TEDDY SHOULD GO TO THE FIGHT.

KREMENTZ

COLLAR BUTTONS
For every special need of
the particular man.

Shirt front, round or
lens shaped heads,
short shank.



Shirt collar front, lens
or round heads, long
shank.



Back of neck, extended
head to hold scarf, or
lens shaped head, me-
dium shank.



Sleeves with detached cuffs, lens
shaped, long shank.



Sleeves above attached cuffs, large
head, short shank. Also ladies
shirt waists, neglige shirts, etc.



All dealers. Every button insured.

KREMENTZ & CO. Booklet free.

61 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.

AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL RESORT

THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE

ALEXANDRIA BAY, NEW YORK

THE VENICE OF AMERICA

Fishing, Boating, Golf, Etc.

Most Picturesque
Modern Appointments

SEND FOR BOOKLETS AND RATES

O. G. STAPLES, Owner and Proprietor

Also Owner and Proprietor of the RIGGS HOUSE,
Washington, D. C.

**Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen**

The National Pen

When You Hear of a Success Think of
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

It has required only twenty-six years for this pen to become used more than
any other writing implement in the world. Think of it — so simple, effective and
safe is this pen that people prefer to use it rather than a lead pencil.

Are you a particular writer? Booklet on request. *Sold Everywhere.*

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

8 SCHOOL ST., BOSTON	189 CLARK ST., CHICAGO	734 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO
123 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL		12 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON

PUCK PROOFS Photogravures From PUCK

Copyright 1907 by Keppler & Schwarzmann



ONLY FIVE MINUTES' WALK TO THE STATION.

By E. Frederick.

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 15 x 19 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR

Copyright 1905 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



WHEW!

"If this isn't the hottest day we've had, I'll eat my hat."

By Merle Johnson.

Photo Gelatine Print, 8 x 12 in.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Copyright 1907 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



COMMENCEMENT—OR THE FINISH.

By Stuart Travis.

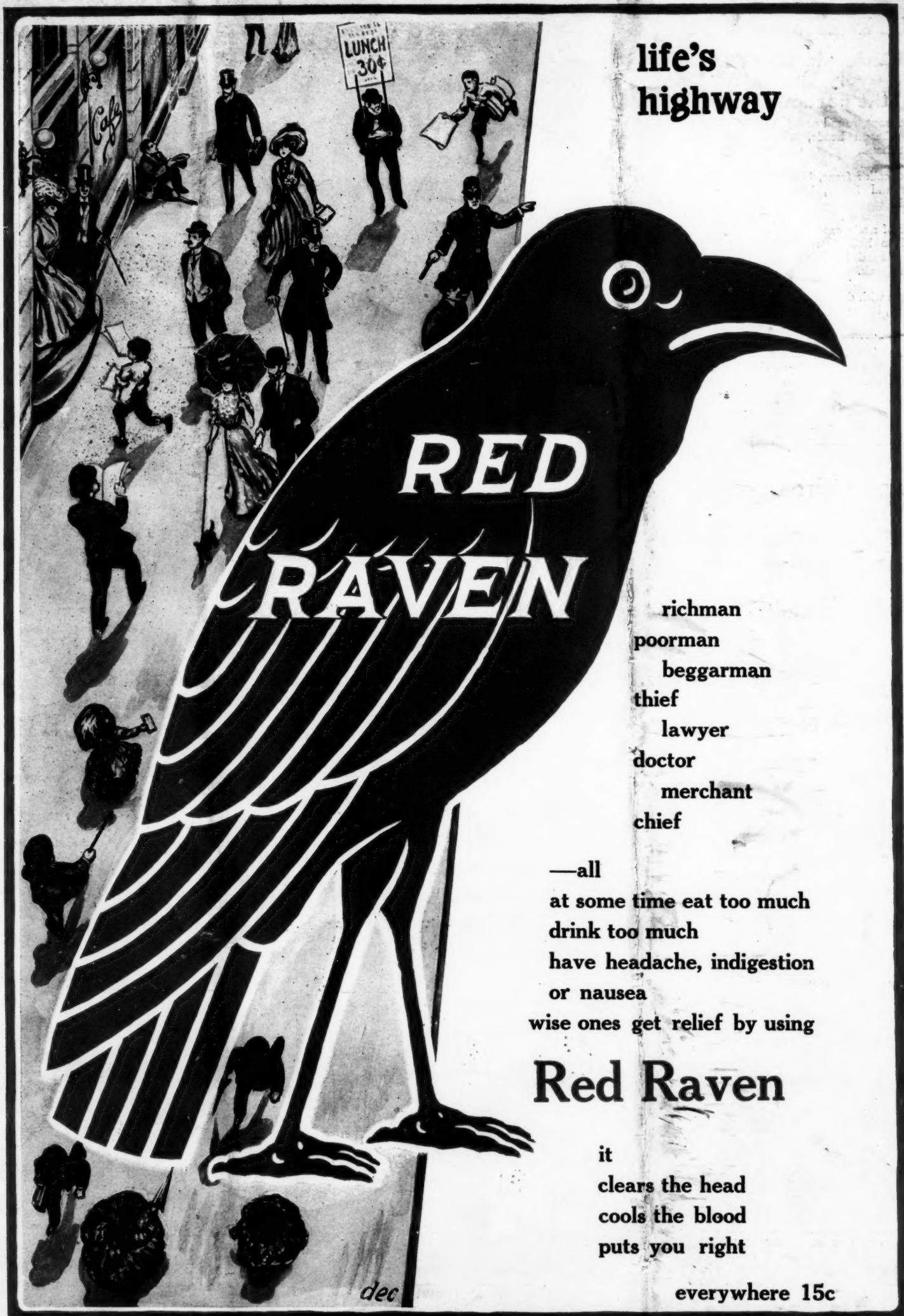
Photogravure in Sepia, 15 x 12 in.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

These are but a few examples of the PUCK PROOFS.
Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over
Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Address **PUCK** New York

295-309 Lafayette Street



life's
highway

**RED
RAVEN**

richman
poorman
beggarman
thief
lawyer
doctor
merchant
chief

—all
at some time eat too much
drink too much
have headache, indigestion
or nausea
wise ones get relief by using

Red Raven

it
clears the head
cools the blood
puts you right

everywhere 15c

dec